

The third cycle by random-person666

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Summary: Set in 2000 the Losers return to Derry as it It awakens however this time the group has grown by eight new members.

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Derry, Maine, 8th May 2000

Amy groaned as her red Gameboy died in her hands, it should have at least another hour of battery. She stood up and walked from the curb into her house's garden and began to walk through the somewhat overgrown grass towards her home.

"I got a spare battery if you want it." She didn't recognise the voice but it was coming from behind the house, a sewer pipe had recently burst and for the two weeks there had been workmen and coming and going at all times but never on a Sunday, the voice most likely belonged to one of them however.

Despite being taught never to take things from strangers Amy believed that as they worked in her garden the workmen were not strangers and had gotten into trouble on more than one occasion for speaking to them.

When she arrived there however she was met by a sight she did not expect; there was a man standing there but he was not was one the high visibility, rough handed men who she was now used to, she was met by a clown.

"Hello Amy, I am PennyWise the dancing clown; I happen to have some spare batteries for your little game and because you are such a special little girl how would you like a balloon?"

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Texas, 10th May 2000

Bill Denbrough was awoken by the sound of his phone ringing, the 64-year-old groaned, more for display than for any real need to, as he climbed out of the deck chair and grabbed the ringing phone.

"Nice of you to tell me the phone was ringing!" he shouted in mock annoyance to his 12-year-old twin sons as the ran around his garden;

most people didn't meant it when they said their children were a miracle but he did, a 52-year-old man and his 57-year-old wife having one child was incredible enough in itself but twins? That was more than a miracle.

"Denbrough residence, how may I help you?"

"Hey there Bill, it's Mikey from Derry."

"Are you a fan? I'm sorry to say I don't remember you." There was a clam sigh on the other end before:

"Mike Hanlon, Ben Hanscom, Richie Tozier, Stan Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Beverly Marsh, PennyWise. Any of them names ring a bell?" Something surfaced in Bill, memories.

"I remember you now Mikey, how are things?"

"It's back Bill."

"I don't know if I can come this time, Mike. I have kids now, two can you believe?"

"I can Bill, born two months before Ben and Bev's and four months after mine, come to think of it we all have 11 and 12 year old twins, what are the odds?" Bill felt something at that, something new and worse than anything else; the fear of being a parent combined with the fear of It.

"Do you think it means something?"

"Yes I do Bill; I think it means we have eight new members of the losers."

"I'll see you in a day or two I guess."

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"But Dad where are we going?" Stan complained, Bill remembered why he had named his sons Eddie and Stan now, in memory of his fallen friends.

"Back to where it all began Stanny boy, you will know everything and you will see Hell."

Authors notes: I will finish my other stories at a later date when I have an idea what to do with them; I actually know how I am finishing this one so I promise that will be done.